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1835



Allan, James S.

Oration delivered before the
Chamberlain philosophical and
literary society of Centre
college...

Cincinnati, 1835.





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ORATION

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

CHAMBERLAIN PHILOSOPHICAL AND LITERARY
SOCIETY

OF

CENTRE COLLEGE,

ON THE

FOURTH OF JULY, 1835.

BY JAMES S. ALLAN, ESQ.

CINCINNATI:
PUBLISHED BY ELI TAYLOR.

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1835.

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Chamberlain Hall, 4th July, 1835.

DEAR SIR:—At a special meeting of the Chamberlain Philosophical and Literary Society of Centre College, this evening, it was resolved, that a committee be appointed to assure you of the very great pleasure felt by the Society in listening to your address, this day, and to request a copy of it for publication.

With great respect, yours, &c.,

JAMES C. PATRICK, }
AARON A. HOGUE, } *Committee.*
WILLIAM N. TODD, }

MR. JAMES S. ALLAN.

CINCINNATI:
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M. P. W. B. N. 9

ORATION.

GENTLEMEN OF THE CHAMBERLAIN SOCIETY:

THE discussion, at least in part, of a literary or scientific subject, would, probably, be preferred by this audience which has chosen to participate with an academical society: I shall, however, in conformity with a suggestion in your letter of invitation, adhere to the common topics of the occasion.

This is the fourth of July. It has returned for the fifty-ninth time since it was the birth-day of American independence. The sun which saw our fathers pledge themselves to resist the tyranny of Great Britain, is again in the heavens.

How much there is in a day like this, to exalt patriotism, and give a salutary direction to the national mind! Its arrival tells us that another year has separated us from our fathers, and borne us on towards the period when we, like them, shall exist only in the memory of posterity. We look around, and where are the millions who shouted when news of the declaration of independence was heard? If the present generation was removed, and the remnant of those days left, melancholy would be the spectacle: frail, white-haired men,—few and far between; one might raise his voice, and none be near enough to answer. Scenes of the past, usually dim in the mind, are made vivid by the associations of the day. Things of the present hour are for awhile laid by; we enter into communion with the departed; our fathers rise in strong vision, distinct, like the pale stars which gather in the sky when an eclipsed sun spreads its solemn twilight. The clamor of ordinary strife and pursuit being hushed, ancestral admonition is clearly audible.

‘What! silent still, and silent all?’

Ah no—the voices of the dead

Sound like a distant torrent’s fall

And answer—*Let one living head,*

But one arise—We come, we come,

’Tis but the living who are dumb.’

Hail, venerable spirits! we here on the birth-day of our freedom, pledge ourselves anew to transmit unimpaired to our successors, the legacy bequeathed by you, to us!

The character of our great anniversaries is peculiar. In older nations, they are commemorative of events which have grown indistinct with antiquity. The actors are too far removed to excite much interest except that which surrounds the personages of poetry; the distinctive features of the man being lost in the hero of romance, the fancy, and not the heart, is touched. Others may be said to bend with subdued melancholy and speculative admiration over the classic, antique sepulchre of an ancestor whom they have never seen. With us it is different. Our emotions come warm from the heart. To extend the figure just used, we stand by the new-made grave of a familiar friend, whose image is yet perfect in the mind. For, some of the living remember the birth-day of the government; and the moss of age has hardly yet greened the tombs of the fathers of liberty. With others, contemplations of the past are comparatively calm and unexcited; for, their history resembles that of a hundred other nations, and their institutions have been moulded by the slow hand of time; whereas ours are lively, and thrilling, and full of wonder,—so unprecedented do we stand,—so astonishing are the developments crowded into the short span of our history,—so far does the next scene in the drama promise to surpass the one before us.

We have no reason to regret that our annals do not extend back into romantic antiquity. The clear light resting on every part, enables us to analyze our institutions by retracing them through every step of their progress, and to shape our course by a certainty of the past. The origin of other nations is seen, as it were, by a moonshine which beautifies the landscape, by throwing a shade on what is rude, and allowing fancy to sport in the obscurity. Such a condition would avail nothing in our case, where the obscuring of a feature would be the loss of a charm, and the addition of a fiction, a subtraction from the interest of truth.

The scope of history, which, from antecedent and subsequent connection with the fourth of July, 1776, comes under review to-day, fills the mind with lively astonishment at the rapidly successive revolutions in the history of this country. We first see a continent overspread by a primeval wilderness, in whose shade, countless tribes of savages hunted and fought; and its unnavigated shores embraced in the ideal sovereignty of a monarch three thousand miles distant. In 1607 the red man saw strangers of another complexion enter the skirts of his forest. Wilds, where no ax but that of time, had been heard, are startled by the frequent crash of falling trees; the echoes give their first answers to sounds of the saw and

hammer; and Jamestown rises. Such, only 220 years ago, was the embryo of North American civilization. Men who saw the foundations of the first European town laid, might live to see the continent from New Hampshire to Georgia, parcelled out into distinct governments. In less than a century, the aborigines found the strangers whom they had struggled so hard to exterminate, extending along the sea coast two hundred and sixty thousand strong, and fast widening the long strip of their usurped domain towards the interior. But these were a handful, compared with the population at the time of the peace of Paris; at which period there were thirteen communities, bearing the aspect of old settled governments.—Now enthusiastic in their sympathy with events in the mother country, now contending with royal governors, or in an illhumor with the crown, concerning some infringement of their chartered privileges, the colonies down to the close of the French war, may be considered loyal members of the British empire. Here commences a new state of things; a sort of twilight connecting the periods of loyalty and alienation. Then follow the stirring scenes of the revolutionary contest. Acknowledged independence succeeds, and British dominion shrinks behind the great lakes. The prosperity of this country, from this moment, receives a new impulse onwards, like a vessel which having moved sluggishly out of a sheltered harbor, darts away with the speed of the wind on reaching the open sea. A region the most interesting on the continent is civilized; the wave of population which rose on the Atlantic border, rolled over the Allegheny into the Mississippi valley, and is sweeping on up the further slope towards the Rocky mountains. We of the new states in the great valley regard the taunting remark of the thirteen colonies, that Great Britain, a mere speck on the map of the world, ought not to be allowed to rule over the extensive American settlements, with the same want of admiration for their dimensions, which they entertained for those of the mother country.

All this is crowded into the compass of 220 years. This period, which may seem long, compared with the life of man, is but an hour in the age of nations. Viewing our country thus springing up into sudden maturity, in contrast with the lingering growth of its predecessors, we are struck with something of the surprize, with which the divinities of antiquity saw Minerva leap from the brain of Jove, a majestic goddess, clad in armor, and flashing her ægis!

To illustrate the particular subject of this occasion let us advert to a few aspects of our connections with the mother country, during our colonial state. We will examine, somewhat

in detail, the grounds of the charge so current in England during the discussion of the American revenue acts, and, with some modifications, often repeated since,—‘that the Americans, planted by the *care*, nourished by the *indulgence*, and protected by the *arms* of the mother country, would not contribute their mite to relieve their benefactress from her heavy burdens.’

With every reason to cherish the fondest regard for her immigrant offspring, it can be shown that Great Britain, throughout, treated the colonies with the harshness of a step-dame.

Before there was an European establishment on these shores, the mighty nation to arise here, was foreseen. A Latin poem, written by a native of Hungary, before the expedition of sir Humphrey Gilbert, contains this remarkable idea:

‘A well known isle,
England, for wealth, for numbers, deeds renown’d,
Aware that time may come when pow’r immense,
By its own weight may fall, new walls she seeks,
And stretches far for her own sons, her realms.’

Did England from the first manifest an indulgent regard for a land where her sons, her language, and institutions, modeled after her own, were evidently destined to fill an empire vast as that of the Cæsars? Did the romance natural to distance heighten her affection for sons separated from her by a broad ocean? No.

We are apt to attribute the sarcasm and vituperation thrown out against us of late years, wholly to the spleen of a baffled enemy; but indications of an ungenerous disposition are coeval with the earliest colonies. A narrow jealousy of the prospective greatness of this country, was exhibited before it came into existence. Attempts were made to dissuade king James from his projects of colonization, by the prophecy, that England would be drained of inhabitants, and her yoke finally thrown off. Various instances of different dates might be cited, showing England’s ridiculous apprehensions for her supremacy, whilst the colonies were infant settlements. Incessant efforts were made to destroy the charters, into which the carelessness, cupidity, or unwonted goodhumor of her sovereigns had allowed a liberal genius to be introduced. Schemes of the most contracted commercial monopoly were persevered in; various plans to cripple colonial manufactures were devised; and in fine, every regulation was dictated by avarice, or unmanly apprehension. There is a full exemplification of this spirit in the design of confining the colonies to the sea coast; which, for the sake of holding them in a state of

subservient weakness, was willing to allow the French, to stretch an insurmountable barrier at their backs, and to forego the extension of British civilization into the magnificent regions beyond the mountains. Inhabitants of the far, far west—you who are so fast climbing the Arkansas and the Missouri, and on whose sons the evening shadows of the Rocky mountains will rest, what think you of the idea of imprisoning British population between the Blue Ridge and the Atlantic!

Our obligations to the parent country were inconsiderable. Several of the colonies were refugees from oppression; twelve of them attained to considerable size, without the least assistance from the treasury of the mother country; and they all struggled unaided against their savage foes. The wars in which we find the metropolitan and colonial armies, side by side, were, in almost every case, British wars involving the whole empire. It was not till the only nerve by which British protection could be put into motion—the one *terminating* in the exchequer—was touched, that the first sail was unfurled to protect our trade. England was always unwilling to do justice to the character and merits of her colonies. She usually affected to regard them as the Beotia of the empire; and swelled the loudest and longest note in the chorus of American degeneracy, *composed and arranged* by Raynal and De Paw. Their hearty services were generally repaid with ridicule or negligent ingratitude.

To reasons already given why the kindest feelings should have been entertained for us, many more may be added. The colonial trade was the basis of England's commercial ascendancy. The power, of whom it is now said,

‘Her march is on the mountain wave,
Her home is on the deep,’

like the famous Roman sire, drew strength from the exuberant bosom of a youthful offspring.

In the almost continual wars which Great Britain waged for upwards of eighty years, our fathers bore more than a just proportion. The thunders of battle were no sooner heard in the old world, than they were answered by mimic echoes in the wilderness of the new.

Incedunt pueri pariterque ante ora parentum lucent.

But remembering the land of their fathers, the colonists, in defiance of cold civility, and neglect, and ill-treatment, remained affectionately loyal till a short time before the separation; and we may attribute the views of several historians who pretend to discover earlier symptoms of disaffection, either to national prejudice, or, that selfapproving acuteness, which,

when a remarkable event has happened, wonders that all the world did not foresee it.

The old foe, who, as it were, by a fatality which held her in eternal enmity with her neighbor, sat down by the side of England in the new world, was driven from the continent, in great part by the vigorous cooperation of the colonies; and the peace of Paris saw the power that stretched from Georgia to New Hampshire, cross the great lakes and over-spread the spacious realm beyond. The broad cloud which had long poured down its storms on either side of the Atlantic, rolled away, and the rainbow of peace connected England and America with its radiant span.

If there was ever a time when the heart of the parent country ought to have overflowed with affection for a dutiful offspring, it was surely then. But the first sounds from beyond the sea, that broke the tranquility, were those of hammers forging fetters for us. The disengagement of the national strength, which we had so augmented, brought about by a peace which we had labored so faithfully to procure, was taken advantage of to strip us of our liberties, and lay us bound hand and foot at the mercy of the taxgatherer. This period was chosen for the introduction of the stamp act, and the succeeding masquerade, in which the same principle appeared under so many habiliments.

Here the colonies assumed a peculiar attitude in respect to the mother country. Entertaining almost to the last, profound respect and affection for old England, they resisted not the spirit of the British constitution, but the usurpations of a bad administration. They resisted a reigning monarch, taking their stand on immunities granted by his predecessors.

In concluding this copious topic, I will remark, that as our fathers were Englishmen up to the time of the declaration of independence, and as such, must be judged of respecting their conduct to the mother country, we ought to rejoice that they remained loyal and dutiful, though treated with severity, and were, at last, led into the necessity of setting up as an independent nation by circumstances which must justify them in the eyes of an impartial world.

I feel proud that the mightiest orator since Demosthenes, and one whose abilities as a statesman were scarcely inferior to his eloquence, in his last and best efforts, vindicated the character of our colonial ancestors and denounced the measures, in opposing which they became free. There is a sublime connection between the genius of Chatham and the birth of American independence. The last gleam of his setting spirit was to show his countrymen the ruin before them. Our

oppressions were the subject of the noblest strains of the voice that made Cowper congratulate himself, 'that Chatham's language was his mother tongue.' 'My lords! you cannot conquer America.' Prophet, worthy of the event predicted! Nations have made comets and prodigies herald their 'changes of times and states;' ours were sufficiently dignified by the prophetic thunders of Chatham's eloquence.

The 4th of July, 1776, arrived; a day that surpasses the thousand canonized periods, at the annual recurrence of which the nations rejoice, as far as the discovery of America exceeds other remarkable events—or the Andes other mountains—or the Mississippi and Amazon other rivers—or Niagara other cataracts—or the vast and magnificent valley where we dwell surpasses all other valleys.

This country, before that period, though firmly insisting on its rights, might have been reconciled. Though there was darkness, a crescent of the eclipsing orb was still uncovered; kindred mountains jarred by an earthquake, were indeed separated by a fissure, but the growing granite might reunite them; though the youthful daughter stood before the mother with a dignified determination on her brow, her hand was held out for reconciliation. But that hour came, and the sun fell into total eclipse; the mountains were disunited till a storm might roll between; the glowing, beautiful daughter withdrew her hand, and turned from the huge, though wrinkled, scowling, envious beldame for ever! Lo! among the nations, a new one has taken a stand: another eagle spreads its wings amid the ensigns of the earth.

That we may more sensibly feel the admiration and gratitude due to the fathers of American independence, let us fancy our country carried back from its present prosperity, to its condition in 1776. See how the scene is changing! The broad front of westwardly marching population, which, moving as perceptibly as sunshine chases a cloud's shadow along the ground, marks its conquest by the crash of falling forests and the razing of the plough, is arrested. The aboriginal wilderness rises, and spreads with an obliterating shade towards the Allegheny. The smiling fields—the new-born hamlets—the expanding cities—the swarming thousands busy in these, fade from the 'far west,' and state after state is blotted from the Union. The father of rivers, no longer buoying the steamer, and cheered by the sounds of commerce, rolls through a solitude of three thousand miles, a waveless mirror for the moon, when not rippled by the canoe; and silent, when not echoing the war-whoop, or the shout of the red man exulting in his boundless freedom. Where is Kentucky? This soil

bears only the tracks of Boone, and Findley, and Harrod. This is the 'dark and bloody ground,' a region noted for ferocity, even by savages. Stripe after stripe disappears from the national flag, till the thirteen stars are left alone. Nothing remains, but a narrow skirt of civilization lying along the sea shore. Is this what our fathers are in the habit of calling the 'continent?' Is this the America which was declared independent? Of the fourteen millions of inhabitants, hardly three are here. Intelligence, instead of flying abroad in publications numerous as fireflies on a summer evening, through improved mediums of conveyance, which have rolled up distance as a scroll, creeps through the country in about forty newspapers. A plan of confederation, concerted in haste and danger—an untried machine, vast and complicated—a code for thirteen distinct and jealous communities, without a sanction for its laws; or, in other words, a monster, whose brain cannot compel the limbs to act—stands in place of a constitution, which, embracing twenty-four states, provides for the common defence and general welfare as effectually as if they were one consolidated empire, and acquiring stability from the number and variety of the component parts, grasps the western wilderness in its embrace, ready to receive the new-born states as they rise. No flag bearing the emblems of twenty-four states, streams from a capitol on the banks of the Potomac, worthy to hold the representatives of a great nation; the Philadelphia statehouse, which we have seen wearing a look of antiquated simplicity, amid the elegance of the modern city, contains the convention which is about to declare the United States of America free and independent.

Fancy alone can pass the closed doors of the congress to witness their momentous proceedings. Unfortunately, a few fragments, only, of the debates are preserved. What displays of patriotic devotion, what fervid eloquence, what overpowering arguments for independence are lost!—for men of the most capacious minds and souls are there, and an empire's fate vibrates in the balance. It is the evening of the fourth of July, and the debate of four days, on the resolution to make a formal announcement of independence, is closed. The proposed declaration is adopted. It makes the blood run cold to picture the solemn scene of this moment. Hancock is subscribing his name. The stroke of the pen only is heard in the silence of the chamber. Mark what the pencil of Trumbull has well portrayed, the emotions expressed in the various faces; the philosophic serenity of the venerable Franklin, the majestic boldness of John Adams; the luminous calm of Jefferson; all grades of feeling, from daring enthusiasm down

to foreboding acquiescence; every brow weighed down by a sense of awful responsibility! 'Tremendous moment! it gives birth to an empire. Will our vision of prosperity in store for it be realized; or, will we at last be forced to cry out, O that it had never been born? Absolute independence, and not the redress of grievances which we have struggled for eleven years, is now our aim. We indeed but echo the expressed sentiments of our countrymen, but are we sure the people are ready for the measure? May not the exaggerations of popular zeal deceive us? Will foreign nations take revolted colonies by the hand? A long war, war with all its incalculable results, is before us. Who can say that a chieftain, after rescuing his country, will forbear to wrest away her liberties? Justice and the spirit of a people striking for freedom, are on our side; but against us are the troops, the immense resources of Great Britain. But let us go forth of good cheer; heavy as is the darkness hanging before us, through it we behold this day greeted with glad acclamations, as it rolls in the annual revolutions of the sun through a thousand generations!"

The merits of the declaration of independence appear greatly augmented, when we reflect that it was the result of devotion to principle. Few wars in the world have other motives than ambition, revenge, or avarice. It is generally impossible to move the people except by something gross and palpable. The amount of an inconsiderable internal tax, did not cause the colonies to take up arms; for regulations and restrictions of their commerce greatly more injurious to them, had thrown millions into the British treasury; but in the imposition of a few pence on tea, they resisted the infraction of a great principle of constitutional liberty. To remove a consequential and perhaps remote danger, they defied the veteran arm of England: a remarkable indication of spirit and intelligence in the people.

For a young, unprotected nation, without regular armies, without a navy, without certain pecuniary supplies, to provoke the prowess of the most formidable power on earth, except in the last extremity, shows uncommon resolution. But additional circumstances render it doubly glorious. If there had been a body in the habit of deliberating on war and peace from time immemorial, and a tower where the trophies of a hundred victories were stored, and a hall eloquent from the voices of a long list of orators who had roused their countrymen to battle,—our fathers might have been led by venerated prece-dents—they could have gathered strength and confidence from the past. But the congress of 1776 had been in existence only

three years, and they were surrounded by all the sources of irresolution incident to adventurers in an untried path.

And it was Old England they had to contend with! Old England, whom they and their fathers before them were so accustomed to obey. They certainly felt all the strength of the impulse, which we see portrayed in romance, where men in the independent maturity of life, after resisting every argument, drop their arms nerveless in the very act of perpetration, at the voice of a decrepit and unreasonable parent—so forcibly does the old habit of obedience in youth return.

If any people in the world would form an appalling idea of British hostility, it was certainly the colonies. Conversant with the history of England, her thousand military achievements stood out in bold relief in their memory; being Englishmen, they were accustomed to clothe her power in the exaggeration of a native.

My limits will not allow me to trace many of the consequences of the American revolution. The most interesting incident of subsequent history is the formation of the federal constitution. Our freedom was there systematized, and brought into practical operation. It was an experiment in politics, as unprecedented as the voyage of Columbus was in navigation. The confederation under which the revolution had been carried on, fell into ruins when the common danger that held the parts together was removed, and the political elements were in a state of chaos requiring new organization. Formidable were the difficulties of the task. To embrace a great variety of interests, prejudices, and climates; to extract power enough from state jealousy to give adequate strength to a central government; to distribute and balance the powers of a newly invented species of government; these were some of them. Our constitution, however, was constructed by a convention in a few months, and adopted by the people in the course of two years. The immense complicated machine moved on smoothly from the first, and after an experience of forty-six years, few improvements can be suggested. The fate of Locke's constitution for Carolina, and of the constitutions which, during the French revolution, after being declared perfect, burst like bubbles at the touch of experiment, testify to the difficulty of the undertaking. The degree to which men entirely conscious of the faults of their government, will permit it to become clogged before they venture a reformation, affords additional proof. So hard is it to induce a people to submit to a new system of laws, that legislators formerly employed Egerias and Wodens, to give their codes the sanction of divinity. Other constitutions, if such they

ought to be called, are the slow and misshapen products of time and chance. They resemble an alluvial island, in whose various strata, we may trace the irregular accretions of ages; here, is the fissure of the earthquake; there, a promontory has been swept away; and to-morrow's flood may change the whole scene. Our constitution on the other hand reminds us of the island of Delos emerging, perfect, and at once, from the bosom of the sea.

The subtraction from the welfare of mankind would, certainly, have been very great, if the colonies had remained part of the British empire. Things have, indeed, been tending for some time to the production of systems of government based on a proper comprehension of the rights of man; but the incumbrance of old habit would have postponed the full accomplishment for a long while, had not a theatre peculiarly favorable been found in the new world; and we know not but that accident might have thwarted it forever. This country did not merely stop even with the best lights in the old world; it took a step a century beyond. The growth and national prosperity of America, would have suffered much by a continuation of the union. England, to prevent the escape of the colonies, would have kept them crippled. We have seen an example of her dispositions in this respect, in the project of hindering the extension of the colonies into the interior of the continent. The flagging of commerce under a rigid monopoly; new systems of colonial government framed with an eye single to the maintenance of entire subserviency to parliament; scenes of the rapacity of Clive and Hastings acted again by royal favorites; a branch of the Church of England introduced in order to strengthen the ties binding the new to the old empire; the early introduction of the gross luxury of an old state; enormous taxation to meet the demands of overburdened England, and to maintain a military force sufficient to keep us in awe, would all perhaps form part of the spectacle which this country would have presented to-day. We may add to the picture, ourselves this day, east of the mountains not yet crossed, in some national saturnalia, drinking healths to king William, at the sign of the Golden Crown.

I might have specified in my catalogue of evils, the prohibition, to a great extent, of foreign emigration to this country. A disposition to prevent the colonies from attaining to unmanageable size, would be sufficient for this. Moreover, settlements of strangers who might adhere to the enemies of Great Britain, during the frequent wars with their paternal countries. And thus America could not now have been called the land of hospitality—the asylum for the oppressed of nations.

I shall pause here to express my hearty disapprobation of the narrow policy of objections advanced at this day, against the leaving of our doors open to all the world. As to the introduction of habits and opinions uncongenial to republican institutions—it would be as hard for rivers to make the sea fresh, as for any possible influx of foreigners to corrupt the vast nation which has grown up with free principles. If they occasion some inconveniences, they pay for them well, by adding to the wealth and strength of the country. Fresh from the scourge of tyranny, they keep alive in the nation, forgetful in its prosperity, a salutary recollection of sufferings in the land of Egypt. Sons of oppression, welcome! For many a day there will be vacant places for you. Come, and share with us, the land which heaven seems to have hidden so long that it might at a proper time be opened, an asylum for the oppressed of nations!

Our fathers in 1776, it may be said, stood but in the vestibule of the continent; the great temple itself has been since entered. The West, the great and growing West, has been opened! Let us turn to pay a tribute of respect to the memory of the father of the West. The first of modern English poets has inscribed the romantic name of Boone on a monument which will outlast the language; in the splendid rotunda of the national capitol, a statue of the intrepid backwoodsman stands by the side of the pilgrim fathers; but the state on which he impressed the first footsteps of civilized man has never dedicated a festival day to his memory. Let us here enter our protest against a continuance of this neglect. May Kentucky and her younger sister states soon hail the anniversary of Boone's emigration with the enthusiasm with which New England remembers the pilgrim fathers. The story of Puritan fortitude climbing the waves of a wintry sea in search of a home in the western wilderness, has been told till the world knows it by heart. Yet what is there in the situation of the *Mayflower*, when tost on the highest billow, her crew saw the cold waves curling their white tops interminably before them, that strikes us more than Boone's, when the eagle, scared from her cliffs by the *white* face of the stranger, sailed round the heavens and saw him moving lonely as the sun, through the hunting ground of the red man, separated from his home by a thousand hills!

The sturdy virtues planted by the pilgrims, are eulogized, justly eulogized by their descendants. The younger states cheerfully concur with them; for the characteristic principles of New England following the westward emigration of her sons are scattered throughout the Union; of inappreciable

value to institutions, whose durability greatly depends on morality, and excellent correctives of the giddy vices engendered in republics. But the spirit infused into the west by our pioneer fathers is no less to be applauded. The ardent, impulsive, buoyant character of their children, is suited to the growth of generosity, enterprize, elevated pride, boldness of original conception; in a word, all that constitutes the *soul* of a state. Carver, Brewster and their companions laid the foundations of New England, not a moiety of the 'old thirteen.' Boone unlocked the West—the West: what emotions of gigantic sublimity crowd the mind at the mention of that word! Even since I spoke, its farther expansion has extended Boone's claims to admiration.

I shall conclude by alluding to the additional sanctity which this canonized day lately received.

'Another morn
Hath risen on mid noon.'

Two, whose names are subscribed to the title deed of our independence; two statesmen, who were successively presidents of the United States; two patriarchs, whose declining hours were illumined by the smiles of a grateful country, preserving in their entrance into another life, the coincidence which marked their progress in this, rejoined Washington, and the departed signers of the Declaration of Independence, (all gone but one) on the fiftieth anniversary of the Fourth of July.

The master-passion is strong in death. The soul seems then to take a fervid farewell of that to which it has most fondly clung. Armies were rushing in the visions of expiring Napoleon. Jefferson's spirit was back in the stormy days of the revolution; his last exclamation was, 'let the committee of vigilance be watchful, *for the enemies of freedom are abroad!*' How far surpassing all epic invention were the last moments of Adams and Jefferson! Even whilst their master-passion—love of liberty—glowed within, they heard the thanksgiving acclamations of millions of freemen.

Who will not indulge with me the imagination that their spirits, winging their way from earth, beheld their ancient compeers bending from the heavens, spectators of the jubilee of a land on which their mortal labors had been bestowed; and that they lingered in their ascent to contemplate the sublime spectacle beneath—a mighty nation rejoicing—sentinel shouting on to sentinel from the sea to the wilderness, from the gulf of Mexico to the lakes, *all's well, all's well!* to look from sea to sea on to the ends of the earth, tracing the starred and striped banner floating over all, and sails from every shore

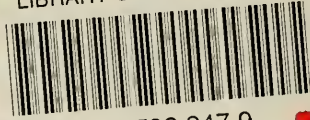
wafting the oppressed to the land of refuge; to behold the nations gradually awaking at the light they had assisted to kindle—nations destined soon to see the day when rejoicings over the birth-day of American independence would not be confined to America, but rising with day in the eastern islands, roll round the globe with the sun till lost in the solitudes of the Pacific.







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